

## Saga Of A Seeker

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Summary: Not telling...so read it. ;) It's very short, trailer-type thing. Should I continue?

## Saga Of A Seeker

> <meta name="GENERATOR"> Saga Of A Seeker, Part One \*\*Author's Note: By Xaida's request, and I must say it was a good idea. ;) Happy birthday Laura Nolan!! Go read all her fics as a present. ;) And if this seems happy, I just had the worst day of my life, so cut me a break. Hope you like this. Oh, and hey: J.K.R. used the name 'Fawcett' in the 2nd book, page 193...think she's referring to Joy Fawcett of the US Women's Soccer Team, World Cup Champions? ;) And yes, I know that the 'n' in pinata has a little thingie, but I can't put the 'n' and the "Ë" together so I gave up. Live. And enjoy. And review. ;) \*\*

\* \* \*

Taking a deep, shaky breath, I looked towards the stands, and I could just make out Dinah, Bunnie, Alex, and Alex, all in blue, holding up the big banner that said 'CHO CHANG: THE RAVENCLAW COMET.' I smiled weakly. Nothing like friends to make you feel better at your second ever Quidditch match, and this time I hoped we'd actually\_ win,\_ I couldn't stand losing to Slytherin ... but enough of that. It was time to play my second match ever, against Gryffindor.

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> I started to sweat ... I'd hid in the locker room before, not wanting to play; I loved Quidditch, but what could I do against Harry Potter? Harry Potter. I never thought when I'd started Quidditch that I'd be playing Harry Potter ... Mark Epwal, our team captain and one of my best friends, had to literally push me out of the locker room, I was so scared, and now this was it. I had to play. The teams were lining up ... I walked over slowly, nervous.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> As we lined up, I fingered my broom anxiously, and held my breath to stop from shaking as the Gryffindors walked over. I smiled shyly at Harry to make me feel better - he was just a normal kid, as everyone had told me - and he

just looked back at me, smiling back. I sighed deeply, and started shaking again. I would make a fool out of myself. I couldn't play - but Mark had nudged me sharply, and we were off.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> I soared upward, enjoying the rush, and heard Lee Jordan's voice from down below.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "... According to <em>Which Broomstick,<em> the Firebolt's going to be the broom of choice for the national teams at this year's World Championship ..." Oh, no. I'd forgotten about his broom. Phenomonal Seeker on a top-of-the-line broom, against a pretty okay Seeker on a Comet Two Sixty. I was dead.

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> Taking another deep breath, I got control of myself and started whispering to myself.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> <em>"Cho. You have got to get a hold of yourself. You must play. You have to play. Mark knows you can do it, and so do all your friends. They are all watching,"<em> and my stomach lurched, \_"wanting to see you catch that Snitch. And you're going to, Harry Shmarry!"\_

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> Not that I felt much better, but at least I knew I would try as hard as I could. I decided to tail him - nothing else I could do, really, not against a Firebolt. I cut him off several times, hoping to daunt him and get him confused, but it didn't really work. I listened to Lee Jordan as I flew, marking what was going on in the game - come on, Mark, score -<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Katie Bell of Gryffindor heading for goal, streaking past the Slytherins, Angelina Johnson standing to the side open for a pass if the need arises, always was the helpful team member, come on, Katie ... think she can do it ... YES!! Quaffle goes straight past Ravenclaw Keeper Mary Kendall, nice try, Mary, so ten points for Gryffindor in the first goal of the game - wait - Harry Potter's seen the Snitch!" Harry was diving sharply towards the glint of gold by our goal posts; I streaked after him, urging my feeble broom forward, it shook a little, overwhelmed, and I pushed it forward, hoping I could make it, hoping I wouldn't disappoint all the Ravenclaws - Harry was an excellent diver, I was no match for him, especially on this broom - but a Bludger sped past his face and I held back a gasp, hoping it wouldn't do anything like last year, I'd heard stories, but he was fine, just annoyed, and I looked at Elbus Quarf, the Beater who had hit it, smiling. He always had been an odd one, but he sure had saved me that time.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> George Weasley slammed a Bludger right near his face, and I frowned - of course it was a disappointment, but - I put it out of my mind and sped after Harry, determined not to let him come that close again. Lee Jordan was insulting my broom again, which steeled my resolution; and I saw Harry focus on something gold at the Gryffindor goal posts, gearing up for a good fly, but I swerved in front of him and cut him off, forcing him to turn off his course. I grinned proudly; the Snitch was gone and I'd done my job. I scanned the field for it, now that I had him taken care of, if I could only find that dratted Snitch and capture it, make Mark and everyone proud ...<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> Lost in my daydreams, I hadn't noticed Harry diving! Panicked, without looking for the Snitch, I dived sharply, egging my broom on again, but Harry pulled out! Frantic, I tried to pull up, saw him really find the Snitch, hurtled towards it, putting all of my power and strength on my broom - I took a short glance downwards, and there were three Dementors.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Oh!" I screamed, surprised and worried, they didn't have any effect on me, but Harry - I looked over at him, and he'd shot something huge and silvery-white at the Dementors, and it engulfed them - the scream of a whistle interrupted me. Harry had gotten the Snitch.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> I sank lower on my broom, finally falling softly onto the ground. I hadn't done it, Ravenclaw was out of the running, I'd disappointed everybody ... I thought this game would really do it, really show everyone that I could be a great Seeker. I thought I could make up for the horrible Slytherin match, but no, I'd failed. I was a failure. I would always be a failure. I heard the cheers of the Gryffindors, and saw my dejected blue team coming for me. I'd let them all down.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "I'm sorry, Mark ..." I said feebly, and he gave me a quick hug. Elbus smiled encouragingly.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> Mary reached over and hugged me, too.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Hey, look what you were up against, Cho. You did so well, I could tell he was really nervous up there," and she smiled at me.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Yeah, but I still lost," I replied sharply, angry at myself for being so mean and losing the Snitch - again. "And we're out of the running for the Cup now."<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> Our other Beater, Clark Kiggley, spoke up. "Cho, you did well. You still have four years left to play for us, that's plenty of time. We wouldn't lose you as a Seeker for anything - who else could give Harry Potter a run for his money?"<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> I smiled weakly. "Thanks, guys, I feel better." We all got up and walked off the field, and I met my other four friends at the edge of the field.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "You did well," they all said at the same time, and I laughed. It was like a book or something!<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Thanks, really. I guess there's always next year, right?" I asked hopefully. Bunnie smiled.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Of course! That's what my mom says every time she doesn't let an article into <em>Witch Weekly</em>... 'there's always next issue.'"<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Well, it made me feel better. I'm going to be out here every night I'm allowed, training!"<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Next time you play Gryffindor, Potter will be so overwhelmed he won't know what hit him," Dinah Miller said confidently. I smiled.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "So did you get your Charms quiz back, Dinah?"<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Nine out of ten!" Alexandra Parks piped up, and I grinned.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Way to go, Dinah! I bet Flitwick's happy," I told her, and she smiled happily.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "I missed the part about Color Charms - I just get mixed up with all the Latin words for colors," Dinah said, and I could tell she was really proud of her grade. Classes were always hard for her, and it was so good to see her get something back for all the hard work she did.<font>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "I can help you with that later tonight, once I change," I reassured her. "Don't worry, you'll blow Flitwick away next time you take a test!"<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Later tonight?" asked Bunnie, sounding surprised.<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "What's wrong with that?" I questioned, puzzled.<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Cho, we're having a party for the whole Ravenclaw team for doing such a good job!!"<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "But we lost," I said, feeling stupid. I looked at the ground.<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Yeah, right - like we were going to take the time to plan a party and then call it off just because of a minor flaw like that!" Bunnie exclaimed incredulously. "You better change fast so you can help us decorate. Just wait till you see what I bought!" I couldn't help grinning. I had the greatest friends in the world. And with this, she shoved me back into the locker room and all three of them were off. I wondered where the other Alex had been, Alexander Cordellosi, but probably talking with Mark. I stuffed away my blue robes, feeling loads better.<font>

As I stepped out of the secret passageway from an unused room in the East Tower, I couldn't believe this was the same Ravenclaw common room I'd been coming to for three years. Huge blue balloons that looked as though they would pop any minute hovered over everything, thick strands of blue beads hung in the doorway to make a great bead curtain, and flashing blue crepe paper was everywhere. About ten Ravenclaws, including Bunnie, Dinah, and Mark, were decorating all over the room, and Bunnie bounded up to me.  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Like it?" she asked excitedly. "Good party planning runs in the Garcia family."<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> <em>"Wow,"<em> I breathed, taking in all of the decorations. "And if this is how it is when we lost, what's it going to be like WHEN we win?" She grinned at me.

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "Gotta wait and see," she told me. "So, would you like to be in charge of ... hmmm ... let me see ... oh! How about you help me paint the pinatas? There's a few that still need the top coat of blue, I believe..."<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> She led me over to the pinata table, where I saw seven huge figures of the Ravenclaw Quidditch team recreated in pinatas - Captain and Chaser Mark, Keeper Mary, Seeker me, Beater Elbus, Beater Clark, Chaser Sandra Brown, and Chaser Harold Harris.<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> "They're great!" I squeaked. "Unbelievable. I feel like a celebrity, and we <em>lost."<em>

><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> She frowned. "Stop telling yourself that. You only lose when you don't try, and if that wasn't putting your whole heart into the game out there I don't know what was. So let yourself PARTY!!"<font>  
><font face="Times New Roman,Times"> I smiled broadly. This was going to be a great night.<font>

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\*\* Yes, I know it was short...but it was kind of a trailer, a preview. Do you like it? Should I continue? Any ideas for a good name, since the one I have now is pretty awful (imho)?\*\*

End  
file.